

# The Glow of the Rubies

by FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
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Rubies? Dashed it, I had to think hard to remember what had become of the rubies. But I got the idea.

"Why, the professor has those," I reminded him. "The red pajamas, you know—don't you remember?" I drew him aside.

Billings stared. "But he says he returned them," he exclaimed, cutting an odd sideways look at the professor, who was talking to Frances and the frump. Billings frowned.

"Haven't seen them," I said carelessly, for I wanted to talk to her. "Oh, dash the rubies—wait till morning!"

Billings looked sourly at the professor and went off and sat alone. He seemed put out about the old boy not returning the garments. Never seemed to occur to him that the professor was a devilish busy and absent-minded old chap. Might not return them for a month. I knew that.

"Oh, really, Frances?" the frump was saying. "How exceedingly nice of you, dear!" The professor was occupied for the moment with a moth. "I hope I won't frighten you in them as you say your maid was frightened at you. If pajamas are unbecoming to you, why just imagine me in them!"

By Jove, I was devilish glad I was not supposed to hear, for I didn't want to be required to imagine it. But as for them being unbecoming to my darling—well, I knew she knew what I thought!

Later, when the evening had shaded off and the ladies had left us, we sat in the smoking-room talking till late. I was astonished to find Foxy Grandpa devilish entertaining and clever—not a bad sort at all. He seemed to have no recollection of me at all, and therefore no grudges. I had made up my mind by this time I wasn't going to marry the frump, no matter what came or what Billings wanted, and I would tell him so in the morning. But whoever did marry her—and it looked like it was going to be the professor—would have some sort of compensation in Foxy Grandpa's entertaining stories of Eastern scandal.

Billings' cub brother smoked in a corner of the room by himself and drank innumerable slugs of whisky straight. Once I saw his father go over to him and seem to remonstrate, but without effect.

Billings wanted his father to try my special import of cigarettes, so I sent for Jenkins, who had arrived, to bring some down. And when he saw Foxy Grandpa calmly sitting there by me, pulling at a straw, he almost lost his balance. But I shook my head with covert warning.

"Ever see me before—eh?" asked the cub harshly, as he waved aside the cigarettes Jenkins extended. "Last Wednesday night—remember?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jenkins, hesitatingly. Then he rolled an eye at me and corrected himself hastily but firmly:

"No, sir; I don't recall ever seeing you before, sir."

Of course, I knew he had not, but the cub got up with a sour laugh. Then with a murmured gruff apology, he withdrew, saying he had a headache and was going to bed. And, by Jove, what a look he gave me from the door!

"Midnight!" ejaculated some one at length, just as the professor finished a jolly rum but interesting yarn of adventure in Tibet. We all rose and I was answering a challenge of Billings for a Sunday morning game of billiards, when all of a sudden a scream rang out from somewhere above. Then came a greater commotion—two voices raised in rapid and excited colloquy. On top of this another scream, louder and more piercing—a woman's call for help.

"One of the maids," Billings hazarded. "A mouse—"

"That was Frances!" I answered him excitedly, and we all piled out into the hall and peered down its long vista.

Down one of the dimly illumined angles of the great stairway a white figure darted, then paused, abashed, crouching back against the wall at sight of us advancing. Above her sounded a man's voice, and even as she screamed again, he overtook her, clasping her arm.

"Frances—dear, dear Frances!" he cried. "Are you afraid of me?"

And he threw his arms around her. "Come on back, dearest!" he pleaded. "You have been dreaming."

Under the light of a great red cluster of grapes, pendant from the mouth of a grinning Bacchus, I recognized with horror the yellow mat of hair and freckled face of Billings' cub brother. On the instant, with a bull-like roar, Billings sprang forward, but I was quicker still. But faster than either of us to reach the scene were the two elderly men, together with Miss Warfield, the housekeeper, and a couple of maids. Frances darted like a bird to Foxy Grandpa, and then the figures of the women shut her from view.

Billings and I had paused, half-way to the landing. It looked as though the elder Billings was amply capable of handling the occasion now. He had backed the youth against the wall behind, and his language was of a kind I hated to have my darling hear. Every time the other offered to expostulate, his father broke out again.

"You are a disgrace to an honored name!" he roared. "And the only explanation left for me to offer our guests is that you are drunk and don't know where you are!"

"Oh, father!" faltered the boy. And then he turned his black shrouded figure to the pale marble against which he leaned and seemed to me his very heart would sob away.

"What's the matter, dad?" came a voice from the head of the stairway. "What in thunder is all the row about?"

"By George!" gasped Billings. Ev-

erybody looked upward—one of the women screamed. For there, slowly advancing down the angle leading to the landing, his yellow mop of hair shining above the dark collar of a dressing-robe, was the duplicate of the youth cowering under the elder Billings' wrath.

And out of a dead, tense silence, came his voice again:

"Can't any of you speak?" He touched the figure on the shoulder. "Who are you?" he asked in an odd, strained voice.

The black figure turned toward him a face agonized in grief.

"I don't know," came a voice pitifully—his voice, it seemed.

The cub just stood like a statue for a moment—stood as we all stood. Then slowly his hand went out and touched the hand of his double. Slowly his fingers swept the face, the hair; gradually his eyes closed, as though he were sensing by touch alone.

Suddenly a loud cry leaped from his throat.

"Sister!" he shouted. And he swept the black figure to him.

Then, tossing back his head, the youth faced us with blazing, angry eyes, looking as David must have, when he faced old what's-his-name.

"If there's a man among you, I'd



Up the Stairway Advanced Professor Dozenberry.

like to know what this means?" he cried.

There was a blank silence for an instant, and then—

"Perhaps I can explain," said a voice.

And up the stairway advanced Professor Dozenberry.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

In the Glow of the Rubies.

Evening had come again.

In fact, it was almost bedtime. Frances and I sat before the hearth in the library, looking silently into the red heart of the dying embers of fragrant pine cones. For in the heights of the Potomac Hills it often is chilly on summer nights.

My darling sat on a low fauteuil, her chin resting upon her hand, her beautiful eyes fixed dreamily, inscrutably upon the fading coals. In her lap lay the spread of the crimson pajamas.

She was thinking—thinking—I wondered what! And I was thinking how jolly rum it all was; that Frances wasn't Frances, that the professor

wasn't Billings, Colonel Francis Kirkland wasn't Foxy Grandpa and wasn't the frump's father after all; and that the frump, herself—bless her, her name was Elizabeth—wasn't Frances, and wasn't a frump at all, but just a jolly, nice, homely old dear, you know.

And I was trying to catch and hold some of the deuced queer things the professor had discoursed upon about ancient Occidental what's-his-name, and astral bodies, obsession, psychical research and all that sort of thing. Somehow, dash it, it had all seemed devilish unreasonable and improbable to me—couldn't get hold of it, you know; but as everybody else had said "Ah-h-h!" and had wagged their heads as though they understood, I just said: "Dash it, of course, you know!" and re-crossed my legs and took a fresher grip on my monocle.

The most devilish hard thing to get hold of had been that Frances had never sat on the arm of my Morris chair, had never told me she liked me better than any man she had ever met, and had never called me "Dicky."

There was a flash, a lightning blaze of red.



There Was a Flash, a Lightning Blaze of Red.

at any time or anywhere. I wondered if she ever would, and how the deuce fellows went about it when they proposed to the girl they madly loved. I

was devilish put out, you know, that I had never tried it so I could know. From across the hall droned the voices from the smoking-room—Colonel Kirkland and the judge debating something about treaty ports and the Manchurian railway. Through the French windows from the open loggia came the eager, pitched tones of the professor and the frump—no, Elizabeth, I mean—discussing Aldebaran and Betelgeuse, dead suns, star clusters and the nebular hypothesis.

Within the room Billings had snatched out the lights, to bring out the blazing fire of his treasured ruby, and from the tray in the dark corner where he was closing it in his collection vault, it gleamed like the end of a bright cigar. The other four were absent, clutched in my darling's hand and the crimson shine gleamed bravely through her finger bars. "Carbuncles—ancient carbuncles," the professor had called them, "that the Chinese believed their dragons carried in their mouths, in their black caves in days of old, to furnish light whereby they could see to devour their victims." And that I believed, for I could see some practical sense about it!

"What I should like to know," said the dear, precious cub, hugging his knee by the mantel, "is where I come in!"

"You don't come in," said Billings, lifting him playfully by the ear; "you come out!" And out they went.

And my dear girl and I were like what's-his-name's picture—alone at last, you know. She stirred softly and her slight came like the wind through the trees at night.

"I suppose we will have to burn them," she said dolefully; "the professor says it is the only thing to do."

"Jolly shame, I say!" I murmured indignantly.

"It seems a crime," she said softly, and there was a little choke in her voice. She slipped to the soft-floored rug before the fire. I gently brought my chair closer to her.

For a moment she pressed her cheek against the crimson mass, then kneeling forward, laid it gently on the glowing coals. There was a flash, a lightning blaze of red that almost blinded us, and then for a brief space a field of shining ash. Against this the tiny serpent frogs writhed and twisted and turned at last to leaden gray. Over the spread of all, swept wave after wave of golden, crimsoned pictures—temples and pagodas—dragons that licked fiery tongues at us—strange faces that came and went, leering hideously into our own.

And then of a sudden it was all faded—gone! The breeze from the open window stirred the ashes to the side. She dropped back with a deep sigh.

"They're gone," she breathed mournfully.

"Never mind," I said; "you've these left." And daintily I laid my hand upon the one that clasped the rubies. And I thrilled as it lay still beneath my own.

"Good-by, you dear old, wicked, enchanted pajamas," she said. "I don't care—I just love you, because—" She paused.

"Because they brought us together?" By Jove, I didn't know I had said it, till it came out!

An instant, and then I caught it—just a little whisper, you know: "Yes—Dicky!"

By Jove! And then, dash it, my monocle dropped! But I let it go.

Presently she looked at the glowing rubies in her hand.

"They are from India, you know, Dicky—from Mandalay, the professor said." And she murmured: "On the road to Mandalay, where the old fottila lay—don't you remember? I've been there, Dicky."

"By Jove!" I said. "Have you, though? Is it jolly?"

"The poet seemed to think so—" She laughed. "Do you know Kipling, Dicky?" I tried to think, but dashed if I could remember.

I wondered if it would be a good place to take a trip to—"What does—er—this poet chap say about it? What's it like, you know?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid it's wicked, Dicky, a good deal like the haunted pajamas." She leaned forward, chin upon her hand again, looking into the fading coals. "I'll tell you what he says."

Then her voice went on:

"Ship me somewhere east of Suez," where the best is like the worst. Where there aren't ten Commandments and a man can raise a thirst."

"By Jove!" I said, interested.

"For the temple bells are callin', and it's there that I would be—By the old Moulin-pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea."

I brought my hand down on my knee.

"Oh, I say, you know—er—Frances," I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "we'll go there for our honeymoon, by Jove! Shall we—eh?"

And then the jolly rubies rolled headed to the floor. And nothing stirred but the ashes of the haunted pajamas!

And then—Oh, but Frances says that's all!

## THE END.

## DEATH AND FAMINE IN RUSSIA

Consequences of Crop Failure in Czar's Empire Are Almost Beyond Description.

Appalling details are being given in the Russian newspapers concerning the present famine, which has now involved no fewer than twenty governments. The official calculation of the Economic society puts the figures at three hundred millions of pounds, or 49,125,000 tons.

The consequences of crop failure are disastrous. In 1892 there occurred in the European provinces of Russia, 800,000 deaths in excess of the normal figures—that is to say, in this single year famine carried off more lives than the far eastern war on both sides.

It is a corollary of chronic famine in Russia that the normal death rate is as high as 350 in 10,000 inhabitants, while the figure for France is only 211, for Germany 181, and for New Zealand 104. The average duration of life in Russia is also much shorter than elsewhere. Of 1,000 males in Russia only 297 reach the

age of 50 years, as against 412 in Germany, 476 in France, and 537 in Sweden.

Still more appalling are the comparative statistics concerning the mortality of infants. In 1906 of 1,000 infants in Denmark only 122 died, in the United States, 98, in New Zealand, 62, but in Russia the mortality was 272. Comparative statistics of the mortality of children show a still less favorable result. In Norway, of 1,000 children 130 die before reaching the age of five, in Denmark 211, in Sweden 186. In Russia the number is 495—that is to say, of 100 children born in Russia about one-half only stand the chance of reaching the age of five. This is not to be wondered at when we learn that in the government of Ufa in the present year for many months already the children have had no other food than acorns, and even acorns will very soon be not available. A physician in this government writes to a St. Petersburg newspaper that snow has covered the forests, and the parents are now not able to collect even this primitive food for their children.

## Country Life School.

It really is astonishing what nature offers in exchange for common sense and how extremely stingy she is with people who are lazy, ignorant and unimaginative. It is no use for anyone to go into the country to be happy just by force; especially if they rely on violets and pinks and birds to make them happy; when they do not even know one flower or bird or fruit from another and do not care to know.

My conviction is that there ought to be a school in each large city to teach applicants how to be happy in the country—how to get acquainted with country things and how to enjoy them. Something of the sort is under way through the work of our agricultural colleges, and of that we will have something to say in the future.

It needs, however, a special department in all our city schools, where those who wish can go and prepare themselves for country life.—E. P. Powell, in the Outlook.

## Still Active, Though Aged.

Mme. Marie Delbard is a remarkable woman, eighty-four years old, who lives at Nantes, France, and who, since the age of ten, has never known a day's rest. She is at present occupied in building a cottage out of her savings, and can be seen daily going up and down ladders carrying bricks and mortar, or giving directions to the bricklayers. Her vitality is that of a woman of twenty, and she is indignant when anyone suggests to her that she ought to stop work at her age. "I hate laziness," she declares, "and since I have never known what it is to rest, it is rather late to change one's habits."

## RACK AND LOADING DEVICES

Excellent for Handling Cattle, Hogs or Sheep—Height and Length Can Be Varied.

The following is given in response to a recent inquiry for plan of a stock rack, writes F. L. Marsh in the Farm, Stock and Home. Figure 1 is a side view of a rack suitable for handling cattle, hogs or sheep. The length and height can be varied for special reason, but is about correct for general use.

The bottom will serve for a wood rack, by using stronger timber. A 4x4 ft. at each side and a 2x4 in the middle is strong enough for stock. The bottom is boarded crosswise. The sides are nailed or bolted to hardwood stakes, fitting into medium sized rack irons. Thus each side is removable.

The end gates are held by cleats and rods, as in a common wagon box. The rear end gate is shown in Fig. 2. A similar gate is placed back of the low part. The front gate should be tight. A seat may be placed on the low part, resting on side irons. The front compartment can be used for calves, or in case of a full load the middle gate can be removed.

Fig. 3 shows a loading chute, placed to connect with rear end of rack. The front end may be mounted on a pair of old wheels. The height and pitch should be suited to the height of the wagon used. The bottom of chute should be cleated, so stock will not slip, and the chute should be wider at rear end.

Fig. 4 shows a paddock which can be set where most convenient, and after the stock are driven into it can be moved to the rear end of chute.

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## POULTRY

### SCALDING A FOWL PROPERLY

Any Aged Bird May Be Treated Without Injuring Its Quality if Handled in Right Way.

So great is the possibility of scalding the fowl improperly that dealers in some localities show an inclination to demand dry plucked fowls. As a means of overcoming this difficulty, C. K. Graham of Connecticut, who has spent a good deal of time in studying the subject, offers these suggestions: Any aged bird may be scalded without seriously injuring its quality if it is properly handled; and owing to the large number of poorly dressed scalded fowls, the marketmen place a premium of from 1 to 2 cents a pound on dry plucked stock.

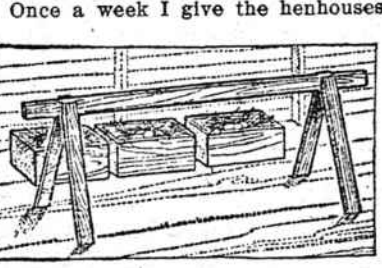
Boiling water may be used, but care must be taken not to leave young birds in the water too long, or the skin will cook, while with old fowls a little more time may not do any harm. The head and shanks should be kept out of the water, as the scalding will discolor them and make them unsightly. Immediately after the bird is taken from the scalding water it should be dipped into cold water to stop the cook, and, as poultrymen say, to "plump the bird."

The bird should then be hung as for dry plucking, as no bird plucked on the lap or the table will have so good an appearance. If a scalded bird is exposed to a draught when being plucked or when cooling, the skin is likely to harden and become rough. It is because of these possibilities that dry plucking is recommended, as the condition of the skin to a great extent accounts for the high or low returns received.

### MOVABLE ROOSTS AND NESTS

Nothing More Convenient in Cleaning Than Long Saw-Horse in Fight Against Little Parasites.

After trying all sorts and types of roosts and nest-poles, I am convinced that nothing is better than a long saw-horse, says a writer in the Farm, Mail and Breeze. A roost of this type, set on a smooth floor, and with removable nest boxes, makes it possible to keep the henhouse perfectly clean at all times. The main difficulty experienced in cleaning the house is the obstructions, these being usually the roosts and nests. If they can be taken out quickly and handily, and nothing left but a bare room with a smooth board floor, the work of cleaning becomes an easy task. Once a week I give the henhouses



Movable Roosts and Nests.

a cleaning. The nest boxes are first taken out, the straw dumped and burned and the boxes themselves whitewashed and aired. Before being returned they are supplied with clean straw. Treatment of this sort is "death on bugs."

The saw-horse roosts undergo the same cleaning process, being taken out, brushed and whitewashed. The henhouse floor is then swept clean and the whole interior given a new sprinkling of whitewash. Should lice or mites be manifest, an additional treatment of kerosene is given, but this is seldom necessary.

## POULTRY NOTES

There is profit in raising chickens when they are properly handled. Dump the litter from the nests of tender now and burn it just as soon as dumped.

Poultry wire tacked over a shallow box makes a good feeder for bran or a dry mash.

Hens over two years old are seldom good layers, and unless good as breeders should be disposed of.

For the first meal a hard-boiled egg mixed with dry bread crumbs is best. Stale bread soak in milk and squeezed dry is good.

The farmer can produce a pound of chicken as cheaply as he can a pound of beef, pork or mutton, and it always brings a better price.

Sell off the scrub chickens and have only one breed. This is especially so with the beginner. One breed at a time and perfect that.

Some varieties stand confinement better than others. Consider this when choosing a breed if you must keep them closely yarded.

If chickens raised in a brooder are not rendered weak and tender by too much heat, and not enough ventilation, they grow rapidly and make early layers.

All houses and nests should be clean for best results. Fight lice all the year around. There are some essentials in poultry that must be attended to. This is one of them.

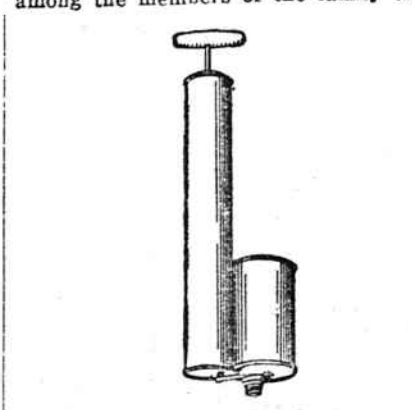
The poultry business is yet in its infancy and offers a good living for those who take it up as a business, carefully looking into the conditions, such as breeds, markets, location, etc.

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all dealers.

## SPRAY PUMP IS A NECESSITY

Outfit is Not Only Useful for Fruit Trees, but May Be Used in Poultry Houses.

No farm equipment is complete without some kind of a spraying apparatus which may be used in small buildings, or in the house if necessary. In case of contagious diseases among the members of the family or



Hand Atomizer.

among the farm animals, the application of some disinfectant is necessary in order to protect the well. Frequent and thorough application of liquid disinfectants is a most economical preventive of diseases of farm animals, and requires but a small amount of labor and equipment.

The hand atomizer is an inexpensive type of spray pump for applying liquid sprays over limited areas. It is not suitable for lime wash spray, as the nozzle may become clogged.

The knapsack spray is an inexpensive and very effective type of small sprayer. It is carried on the shoulders, and

